

A
 REVIEW
 OF THE
 STATE
 OF THE
 BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, December 22. 1709.

THE World having had so loud an Alarm from the Pulpit, it cannot be wonder'd at, that it gives Room for Abundance of Reply—and every One's Opinion is toss'd about, as the popular Fancy guides; for my Part, *I really think*, these Ecclesiastick Faggot-Sticks, when they are thus lighted at both Ends, do no Harm—But as they flame and flink about the Town, they awaken the People, and bring them to their Senses—And these Senses are their Protection against all the *High-Flying* Lunacies of the Age.

English Men are never in Hazard when they are awake; when their Eyes are open, that they can see their Danger, it is no more Danger—The Mischief to our People

is, when they are *doz'd* with Dreams and Delusions, and go hoodwink'd into the Pit. *English* Men are apter to be wheedled than frighted—When you bully and threaten them, they rouse and look about them, and like *Sampson*, they break the little foolish Cords, with which these Non-Resistance *Philistines* had bound them—And immediately apply themselves to their own Defence.

This was the very Case of the late Reigns of King *Charles II.* and King *James*. The People had for almost 30 Years, viz. from the Restoration to the Revolution, been wheedled and chim'd into a Lethargick State-Slumber, they had swallow'd the gilded Pip, they had been charm'd with the Court-Sirens—till they were brought into Bonds—

Bonds — And indeed they were strangely fetter'd with Oaths to unsettled Heirs, Supremacy, blind incoherent Notions of absolute Dominion, and unlimited Submission, the *Jus Divinum* of Tyrants, and the like — But when the End appear'd, when it was seen, that Popery was at the Bottom on one side, and Slavery on the other; when the Mask was thrown off, and every Man had Room to open his Eyes — The Nation, like *Sampson*, when the *Philistines* were breaking in upon him, started up out of Sleep, broke all those *supposedly strong Fetters*, and rousing its inherent Native Strength, overthrew all the Enemies of its Liberty, that stood in its Way.

And now, Gentlemen, these People would go on with their old Game again. But it is a Mistake, the Case is alter'd, quite alter'd, the Nation IS AWAKE. *Sampson* would never have let *Dalilab* have bound him, much less have cut off his Hair, on the preserving of which the Vigour of his Limbs miraculously depended, had he been awake. *In vain the Net is spread in the Sight of the Bird* — Alas, the Season is over, Dr. *Firebrand* must turn his Tale; 'tis the soft Language of a Sycophant, the Eloquence of a *F...b*, the Policy of a *Richlieu*, it is Patience and Temper must draw People into Sores — This open Way of roaring and raving, calling Names, and abusing People; this never does it — The Folly of this is so plain, that their own Party acknowledges it — and are sensible, it does them more Harm than Good.

Upon this I must joyn with those, that think they should let this Beast break Wind, for it is no other; let him belch, his Breath stinks so vilely, it will make their whole Cause smell of it, and he will in Time grow nauseous to the whole World and especially to his Party.

But will ye spare me a Word about these Sorts of People in *Britain*, for there are of this Kind in both Ends of the Island? — A Gentleman of my Acquaintance in *North Britain*, reading a Part of Dr. S. — a late excellent Sermon, says he, very innocently to me, *Why, Sir, I thought you had not suffer'd any of your Jacobite Clergy, to preach in the Churches in England, I have been*

told, that the *Non-Furors* among the Clergy were all depos'd. Ay, says I, so they are — This Man is no *Jacobite* in your Sense, he is no *Non-Furor*, he takes the Oaths, and will take all the Oaths, Abjurations, and Declarations, ten Parliaments can make.

Alas, says my Friend, *I thought*, you had had no swearing *Jacobites* in *England*, I thought there had been none any where but in *Scotland* — Indeed I soon convinc'd my Friend, he was mistaken — And common Experience will convince any Man of it.

I confess, it has been Matter of Wonder to me very often, what Kind of Infidels these Men must have, and what Terms they are come to between Them and their Consciences; and it was very lately I came to a Knowledge of the Foundation they went upon, which I give you from their own Mouths, *Thus*. It was at the Beginning of the Reign of her present Majesty, that a great Number of profess'd *Jacobites* took the Oaths, who had never done it before — And of late, since the Invasion has miscarry'd, they thought convenient to do it again — And the Reasons given for it among themselves, were these.

1. It was the most compendious Way of serving their Prince, (so they call the Pretender).
2. He had given them a Dispensation for it, under his Hand.
3. Their Circumstances made it necessary.

By the way, here is not one Thought of a Dispensation from Heaven for the Perjury — nor does it much afflict them — And indeed if the Case be true, that I lately had from good Hands, need we talk of any such thing to them — And this is of a new Justice of the Peace lately admitted into that Office, who, as the Abjuration-Oath was reading to him by the Clerk, and his Hand all the while on the Book — as the Clerk came to certain Clauses, engaging him against all the Queen's Enemies, and engaging him against the Pretender — turning his Head to his Brethren that stood near, and far enough from whispering, says every

every now and then, nay, G——d d——n me if I do that—nay, By G——d I'll never keep that—and the like; and yet at the End, kiss'd the Book, and took the Oath—and now he is as Loyal as other Folks.

I cannot but make an Apology for offend-

ing the Ears, as well as fouling the Mouths of the Hearers and Readers of this, with the Hellish Language of this wretched Crew; but it cannot be avoided. I shall say more to them hereafter.

MISCELLANEA.

I Began to offer you a few Paradoxes in one of these Papers, which I promis'd to bring nearer Home, and I shall not fail to do it in its Season; in the mean time I shall propose a few Queries to the learned Age, which I shall leave for them to reply to, at their Leisure.

Whether the King of S——n does not give an eminent Instance of his Zeal for the Protestant Religion, if it be true, as has been reported, That he is to invade Poland at the Head of 40000 *Turks* and *Tartars*?

Whether it be not a horrid Slander on his S——sh Majesty to say, he has enter'd into an Alliance, Offensive and Defensive, with the *Turks*?—And if he does, whether bringing the *Turks* into Christendom will not be a very good Equivalent for restoring the Protestants in *Silesia*?

Whether, if the King of S——n should attack the Christians at the Head of 200000 *Turks*, as the late *Rehearsal* Reviv'd suggested, he would not merit the Name of the most Christian *Turk*, more than ever the French King did?

Whether it is not still in the Power of England and Holland to preserve the Peace of the North; and whether they are not equally oblig'd to it, as to reduce France; since to let the King of France tyrannize over Europe, or to let the *Turks* ravage it, are pretty much alike?

Whether there are not good Reasons to be given for the late *Nothing-doing Expedition* of the Germans in Savoy?

Whether, whatever other Reasons the Northern Powers may give for quarrelling with the Swedes—That of Generosity may not stand in the Front?

Whether, if the King of Prussia would but stand Neuter in the approaching War, the Swedes would not beat all the rest?

Whether Somebody does not get Money by the War in Italy, and therefore are as willing to clog the Preliminaries as they can, to prevent a Peace?

Whether the Emperor had not very good Reasons for not granting the Duke of S——y his Demands last Summer, especially supposing he has granted them now?

Whether the Duke of S——y had not very good Reasons for not going into the Field, till he had obtain'd those Demands?

Whether that Dispute was not a great Help to us this last Campaign; and whether it is not One of the best Reasons to be given, why France has not been farther humbled this Year?

Whether there are not some better Ways of securing Spain to K. Charles III. than sending Forces to Catalonia?

Whether Half the Expence of Men and Money, that have been lost in the several Attempts upon Spain, had they been made in the Gulph of Mexico, would not long ago have restor'd Spain, and reduc'd France also?

Whether France can be ever reduc'd, as long as the Channel of Bullion from Peru runs directly into France?—And what is the best Way to stop it?

And Lastly, Gentlemen, let me add one Question, which, I doubt, is hardest to answer of all the rest.

Whether We—We in Britain, I mean, are in any Condition to receive Peace, supposing it were ready to come—And whether we shall not be the more at War at home, the less we have abroad?

—And by far
Harder to rule in Time of Peace, than War?
True-Born-Englishman. p. 3.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

LONDON's Medicinal-INFORMER.
 Saturday last was publish'd,
 Containing, 1. A brief Enquiry into the antient State of the Practices of Physick and Surgery in the World. 2. The present State of those Professions in London. 3. Quacks, rightly distinguish'd from other Practisers, characteriz'd, and chastiz'd. 4. The Venereal Disease in its Cause, Nature, Signs, Dangerous Effects; best, most cheap, easie, safe, and private Methods of Cure, truly represented; in order to prevent Peoples being Ruin'd, either by that Disease, or by unskillful Pretenders to its Cure. By a London Physician. LONDON: Printed and Sold by B. Bragg, at the Raven in Peter-Neller-Row. 1710. (Price 1 s.)

Just Publish'd,

THE British Michael, an Epistolark Poem, to a Friend in the Country. By RICHARD BUTLER, M. A. Printed for W. Lewis, at the Dolphin next Tom's Coffee-house, in Russell-street Covent Garden, and sold by E. Curl, at the Bible and Dial in Fleetstreet; J. Woodward in St. Christopher's Church-yard, in Thread-needle Street; and J. Morphew near Stationers Hall. (Price 1 s. 6 d.)

Just Publish'd,

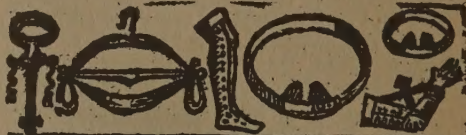
THE Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs for the Curious, for June, 1709. Vol. III. Containing, A Catalogue of Fossils found in divers Parts of Kent. *Horrorum Anglicanorum Deliciae.* Of American Plants cultivated in our Gardens in England. Papilionaceous or Pea-Blossom Plants. Coniferous and Juliferous Trees. An Abridgment of *Ilsaz de Pereyra's* History of the Pre-Adamites; with Remarks thereupon. Man a Self-determining Creature. Of Faith and Work: Of Justification, &c. Fragments of the Book of *Enoch*; translated from the Latin Version of *Kreber's* *Aegyptiac*. Oedipus. Printed for James Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard Thread-needle Street; and sold by John Morphew, near Stationers Hall.

Just Publish'd,

Cursus Equestris Nottinghamiensis. Carmen Hexametrum; Auctore RICHARDO JOHNSON, Ludi Literarij ibidem Magistro, Commentariorum Grammaticorum Scriptore. Sold by John Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 6 d.

Just publish'd,

A New Description of the World, delineating Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; with a Map and Tables of the Empires, Kingdoms, Provinces; and Cities therein, together with a Chronological and Historical Account of the Emperors, Kings, Princes; Governments, Religion, Languages, Customs, Commodities, Revolutions, and Rareties thereof. The second Edition. By H. Curson, Gent. Sold by J. Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard, in Thread-needlestreet.



BARTLETT of Goodman's-Fields, whose Inventions for the Cure of Ruptures have gain'd So Universal Esteem, being Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight, and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a quarter of an Ounce, and are so well adapted to the shapes of human Bodies, that they are extraordinary easy even to New-born Infants, and Intirely keep up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever. Also divers Instruments to help the Weak and Crooked.

He is to be spoke with, the Forenoons every Day at his House, at the Golden Ball by the Ship Tavern, in Precinct-Street in Goodmans Fields, London. And the Afternoons at the Golden Ball over against Cheapside-Conduic, near St. Pauls.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.